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opened their piano-rooms at 579 Broadway, opposite the New York Hotel, having succeeded to the business of E. H. Bailey & Co. They deal in pianos of fine quality, also in Harmoniums, Melodeons, &c. They have also a large stock of good second-hand pianos which in these hard-up times are very much sought after. They also receive orders for sheet music, and their intimate knowledge of that business enables them to make the very best selections from the catalogues of all the leading houses.

Messrs. Sherwin & Herbert have a wide and varied experience in the business, and their judgement may be relied upon in all cases. Strict business habits and obliging courtesy, have made them popular everywhere, and will undoubtedly ensure them continued success and liberal patronage.

THE RICHING'S OPERA COMPANY.—OLYMPIC THEATRE.—The Riching's Opera Company, which has just concluded a brilliant tour, has returned to New York, and will commence a series of operatic performances at the Olympic Theatre. The Company is very strong, consisting of the following excellent artists: Miss Caroline Richings, Mrs. Ed. Seguin (*nee* Zelda Harrison), Mrs. F. Bohdinot, Mrs. J. Arnold, Mr. Wm. Castle, and Mr. W. Peaks, together with a large and efficient orchestra and chorus. The first opera will be "Fra Diavolo." We bespeak for this company a hearty public support, for we believe that it will prove admirable in all respects.

SUNDAY EVENING CONCERT.—To-morrow evening, Jan. 13th, Messrs. Bateman & Harrison will give the Twentieth Sunday Concert at Irving Hall. On this occasion the attraction will be overwhelming, for the whole of Mr. Bateman's Concert Company will appear:—the peerless Parepa, Brignoli, Ferrante, Fortuna, S. B. Mills, Carl Rosa and J. L. Hatton, together with the orchestra led by Theo. Thomas. This will unquestionably be a grand concert in every sense of the term, and if ever that large Hall is to be crowded to overflowing, it will certainly be on that occasion. Those who would secure seats should make a point of going early.

THEO. THOMAS' SYMPHONY SOIREE.—Theo. Thomas' Third Symphony Soiree takes place this evening (Saturday, Jan. 12th,) at Steinway Hall. On this occasion Mr. Thomas will be assisted by the Mendelssohn Union, by which some fine choruses will be performed. The programme is as follows:—Suite in C, op. 101, by Raff; Ave Verum Corpus, by Mozart; Overture, Chorus and Chorale, from St. Paul, by Mendelssohn, and Symphony No. 4, in D minor, by R. Schumann. This is a splendid programme, and should attract a crowded audience.

IN MEMENTO MORI.

Eyes weary with the sight of years,
The blinding sun, the heavy shade;
The dimness of remembered cares,
The channels that late tears had made.

Hands weak from conflict, scarred from toil,
And pulses slow to joy or pain;
Too worn to struggle, and too tired,
To stretch for any prize again.

And heart, that broke beneath the weight
Of burdens greater than her strength;
Long was the patience—sad the strain—
But the kind Angel came at length.

A cross upon the coffin lid,—
Too long endured, laid down at last—
In token of the Help that came;
In memory of the conflict past.

A wreath of flowers too pure for life—
Only the Dead such whiteness claim;
White roses dying o'er her heart,
Upon the lid that bears her name.

MINETTE.

THE GERMAN OPERA.

[Translated from the original of the New York Tribune.]

The German Opera is a peculiar institution. It is peculiar, because it is written in the German character, and owns the powerful copy-right expressions—"Ach mein Gott!" "Gott in Himmel," and "Herz mein Herz." It differs from other institutions, also, because it is not written by Frenchmen, Italianmen, Englishmen or Americanmen, but by Germanmen, who have studied at the ward schools of that country, at rates varying from one groschen up to a rix-dollar, according to the means of the Germanman studying, to pay either a groschen or a rix-thaler. It also differs from other operatic Institutions, because it is different, inasmuch as the harmony is the upper part, and the melody forms the sub-bass, chiefly as a pedal point, being unlike the music of other nations for the reason that it does not resemble it. It also differs from other operatic institutions because it does not require good singing. In point of fact, the worse it is sung, the more vindictiously the music rises to assert its abnormal supremacy over mere adventitious circumstances, and floats into that supernal heaven of harmony, which is redolent of the fumes of the meerschaum, and damp with the dews of the Rhinal vintage.

Thus is the opera at the theatre, Thalia! Go thou and do likewise!

MATTERS THEATRIC.

One of the principal events of interest, in the world theatraic, during the past week has been the appearance of Mr. Edmond de Mondion at the Olympic, as "Hamlet." Mr. de Mondion is a journalist of some celebrity, but, having wearied of the quill, has forsaken literature to don the sock and buskin, being aided in this laudable desire by his brethren of the press, who turned out in somewhat large numbers to greet him on his first appearance—not quite his *first*, however, as

the gentleman played a short engagement at the Winter Garden last season.

The performance being a benefit one it is hardly fair to criticise it in detail, and much allowance should be made for the evident haste with which the play was put upon the stage as on such occasions but little attention is paid to accessories and the filling of the minor *roles*. Mr. de Mondion, however, cannot come under this exception, he has announced his intention of adopting the stage as a profession and in doing so, as a matter of course, lays himself open to criticism. Speaking candidly, the gentleman has mistaken his vocation; as a journalist he has been very successful, but as an actor he can never hope to take more than a fourth or fifth rate position; true, he has evidently studied hard to perfect himself in the art he has adopted, and study and practice may do much, but at present his performances are marked by a too great mannerism of delivery and action to render it possible that he will ever be thoroughly successful. In addition to this he lacks energy and power, while at times his utterance is so indistinct that it is next to impossible to hear him at more than six yards from the stage.

Mr. de Mondion's first appearance as "Hamlet," too, was a great mistake; Booth's personation of the same part is too fresh in the minds of the public to allow of any novice being in any way successful in it, and as the gentleman has evidently studied much of its "business" from Booth, and does the "business" badly, one is tempted all the more to contrast the two performances.

Mr. de Mondion reads the language of the play sensibly, and at times with considerable effect, but for all this he does not possess the elements of a great actor; we must have something more than mere elocution on the stage,—strength of delivery, dramatic power and grace are all necessary requisites to an actor—and these Mr. de Mondion does not possess—his delivery, as I have before said, is marred by an indistinctness of utterance, he is lacking in dramatic power and his action is singularly awkward and ungraceful. Taking all these points into consideration, the gentlemen's *début* cannot be called a success, and time must teach him that he is eminently incapable to cope with the many really great tragedians now on the stage.

Mr. Booth's list of characters for the week have been "Brutus," Sir Giles Overreach in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," Romeo, and Richard III—a sybarite repast, truly, of dramatic delicacies. Owing to other engagements I have been able to attend but one of these dramatic feasts—"A New Way to Pay Old Debts." Mr. Booth's Sir Giles is greatly improved since its last performance in this city—the gentleman has introduced greater breadth and coloring into it, while the details are marked by a more artistic and careful finish than they were in former years. It has often been, to me, an object of considerable interest and curiosity to watch and study the mutations in style of an actor—to note how, with age and experience, he grasps those subtle and more delicate portions of a part, which, in his early career, he has overlooked, or been unable to comprehend; to see how he has toned down passages which be-

fore were strong and almost bombastic; in short, to see how, year after year, he is learning that to be a great actor he must strive to imitate closely the passions and feelings of man, and to be thoroughly successful must keep this grand object in view, caring nought for the approbation or disapprobation of the blood and thunder loving groundlings, but pursuing steadily the course he has adopted, feeling that, that adhered to, he must in time attain to the true greatness for which he is striving.

Within the last few years Mr. Booth's acting has undergone an almost entire change—before, it was crude, manneristic and inflated, with brilliant flashes of genius and dramatic power here and there, but, as a whole, far from satisfactory—but now *il a changé tout cela*, and in the place of crudeness we have high finish, a few mannerisms still remain, but these are hidden by such fine, powerful acting that they are hardly noticeable, and detract but little from the general excellence of his performances.

This change is prominently noticeable in the gentleman's performance of Sir Giles: what was but a mediocre piece of acting is now nearly perfect and must take rank as one of his best personations—the cringing servility to his superiors—the overbearing tyranny to those who are beneath him—the ambitious feeling of the father, and then the last grand burst of passion, when, foiled at every point, the avaricious miser dies of baffled rage and hate are simply magnificent, and we cover beneath the baleful glances of the deep-dyed villain, while we sit in admiration of the power, genius and subtle art of the great actor.

SHUGGE.

ART MATTERS.

The collection of pictures by Mr. A. Wust, now on exhibition at the fine gallery of Messrs. Miner and Somerville, 82 5th Ave., and to be sold at auction on Monday evening of next week, appears to have excited so much interest among the press and the public that I feel tempted to criticise it at greater length than I have yet been able to.

Imprimis, then, Mr. Wust, who was always a careful and conscientious artist, has greatly improved in style during his absence from this country, and his pictures are now marked by a greater breadth of coloring and a handling which at times is masterly, while his effects are strong and striking to the last degree. The critic of one of our daily journals has taken Mr. Wust severely to task, however, for this last quality in his painting, maintaining that the gentleman strives more after effect than truthfulness to nature; his arguments, I think, do not hold good—a servile copying of objects in a landscape is not *art*; the verriest dabster can count the number of stones in a road or leaves on a bush and give us a careful and elaborate drawing of them, but true art is something more than this, and we look in a landscape for sentiment, feeling, and breadth of effect rather than an elaborate portrait of the minor objects, which, of course, all go to make up the grand whole, but which, in a picture, show to much greater effect and are in reality more truthful when somewhat generalized. This is the

school Mr. Wust has adopted, and the result is a series of pictures strongly and vigorously painted, free from conventionality, and marked by a true, genuine feeling of nature which is greatly to be admired.

The two most prominent pictures in the collection are "A Norwegian Waterfall by Moonlight" and "Mountain Torrents in Norway." Having noticed them at length in previous articles, I will go on to the other works in the gallery for critical food. The "Norwegian Landscape with Folgefond Glaciers in the distance," is, to my fancy, the finest of these; there is sombre feeling of loneliness and grandeur about it which is very impressive—the glaciers in the distance, the lowering clouds, the bleak and storm-scarred appearance of the landscape, and the dashing, foaming waterfall which leaps down the cliff side and is boiling and seething in the abyss below, are all admirable, and form a picture which should stamp Mr. Wust as a thoroughly great painter; a painter whose reputation will not be ephemeral, but is destined to last to future time.

Next in point of excellence, and in strong contrast to, the above-mentioned pictures is "Gathering Seaweed"—Coast of Jersey, England," a bright sunny marine view, full of atmosphere and an out-door feeling which is unmistakeable. One can see that the painter has felt his subject and truthfully reproduced the effect he has seen, and while, in his Norwegian pictures, Mr. Wust has presented Nature to us in her sterner and more forbidding aspect, we have her here, joyous, sunny, wreathed in smiles and breathing forth happiness and hilarity from every pore.

"Twilight" is another exquisite little picture; a strong, vivid sky behind a landscape, almost black in effect, but still retaining the almost imperceptible warmth of the departing sunlight, while, here and there, we can distinguish through the general obscurity some object of the landscape. The sky is wonderfully luminous in effect, and were it not for some disagreeable coloring in the upper part would be nearly perfect, this fault could be easily overcome, however, by a balancing color in the foreground landscape, and should be set down as an error in judgment, such as any artist is liable to, rather than a great fault.

"The White Mountains" is one of the largest, and in many respects one of the finest pictures in the collection; the effect of space and distance are admirably managed, the color is good and the whole is characterized by that fresh, atmospheric feeling which Mr. Wust appears to be so successful in obtaining.

Two very charming pictures are "Moonlight" and "Moonlight in the Forest, Hague." Mr. Wust has here attempted effects which, though often painted, are seldom successful. Moonlight is something which appears to be very difficult to put on canvas effectively, and at the same time retain that color we see in nature. Mr. Wust has been successful in accomplishing both these ends and deserves all praise.

There are many other works of great merit in this collection of which I would fain speak further but space forbids; nevertheless, gentle reader, I hope that I have made clear to you the general excellence of the pictures, and let us hope that on the occasion of their sale, next Monday evening,

for the honor of American good taste and discrimination, they will bring good prices. Mr. Wust has received great honors among the art schools of Europe, and it would augur badly for national pride and justice to see his work neglected or sneered at in his native country.

A. H. Wyant is at work on a landscape which he calls "The Lakes of Killarney"; a broad stretch of rocky, volcanic mountains, and in the valley a bright, shimmering lake, which reflects the cool, grey colors of the sky. In addition to this larger work, Mr. Wyant has just finished another charming landscape of Irish scenery of a smaller size, which is in every way delightful. The gentleman's style is an eminently pleasing one, and, moreover, truthful in color, drawing, and effect. There is just a sufficient smack of the prerafaelite in his foreground painting to render it truthful, while his general effects are broad and vigorous—a combination which can never fail to make a fine picture.

Craig, the water colorist, has on his easel a bright, sunny landscape of scenery near Trenton, N. J., in which he has introduced the Autumn coloring with good effect, while the whole picture is painted with good freedom, and boldness of style and execution.

In speaking of Mr. Wenzler last week, through an error of type, the name was spelt *Wengler*, and it is but just this correction should be made "to prevent," as Sir Lucius says, "any confusion that might arise."

Prompted by an unconquerable feeling of gallantry, I propose to devote the "Art Matters" of next week to the ladies. We have amongst us many female artists, many of them possessing great talent, whose names are seldom brought before the public, and there is no earthly reason why the charming creatures should not, in art criticism, at least, enjoy the same privileges as the sterner sex. To forward this idea I shall be only too happy to call on such of the fair artists as will be kind enough to forward their names and addresses to this office.

PALETTA.

HARTFORD, Conn., Dec. — 1866.

DEAR SIR: The announcement of "Eli," by the Beethoven Society drew an enthusiastic assemblage to Allyn Hall. The choruses of this grand Oratorio were magnificently performed under the direction of the skillful musician and enthusiastic leader, Mr. J. G. Barnett. The Society was assisted by a full orchestra from Boston. Dr. Guillette as Eli, and Mr. Farley for the principal tenor parts, Miss Frankan for Samuel and Misses Miller and Campbell for the soprano solos.

A second hearing of this great work strengthened the impression it had already made, and showed it to be a composition of a very high order, and worthy a place among the greatest Oratorios of the day. It evinces native genius, heightened by all the means and resources of art. It is light and elegant in its outlines, impressive in its details, and leads on the mind of the hearer with an augmenting interest to the conclusion—the tragic death of Eli.

With few exceptions it was sung and played *con amore*, as if every one felt a personal interest in what they were doing. The result of this zeal